Come, come along,
Lets dye with honor, our ſhame doth laſt too long.

Exit omnes

Enter Piſtoll, the French man, and the boy.

Piſt. Eyld cur, eyld cur.
French. O Monſieur, ie vou en pree aues petie de moy.
Piſt. Moy ſhall not ſerue, I will haue forty moys.
Boy, aske his name.
Boy. Comant ettes v ous apelles?
Fren. Monſieur Fer.
Boy. He ſayes his name is maſter Fer.
Piſt. Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him,
Boy diſcuſſe the ſame in French.
Boy. Sir I do not know whats French for Fer, ferite, and ferke.
Piſt. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.
Boy. Feate, vou preat, ill voulles couple votre gorge.
Piſt. Onye ma foy couple la gorge,
Vnleſſe thou giue to me egregious ranſome, dye.

One point of a fox.

Fren. Qui dit ill monſieur,
Ill ditye ſi vou ny vouly pa domy luy.
Boy. La gran ranſome, ill voutueres.
Fren. O ie vous en pri petit gentelhome, parle
A cee, gran Captaine, pour auez mercie
A moy, ey iee donerees pour mon ranſome'
Cinquante ocios. Ie ſuyes vngentelhome de France.
Piſt. What ſayes he boy?
Boy. Marry ſir he ſayes he is a gentleman of a great
Houſe of France, and for his ranſome,
He will giue you 500. Crownes.
Piſt. My fury ſhall abate,
And I the Crownes will take,
And as I ſucke blood, I will ſome mercie ſhew.

Folow